

(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heauen merites it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooffe so nigh, Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who's *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemie,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antolich, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-
lation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-
ring on one another, to teare the Cafes of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World
ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-
der appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene *Hermione*: her Jewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maiesie of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes about her Breeding, and many o-
ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their
Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-
ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, nor by Favour.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for Ioy of
his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a
Loffe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks
Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:
then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her.
Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like
a Weather-bitten Conduitt, of many Kings Reignes.) I
neuer heard of such another Encounter, which Iames Re-
port to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that
carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter
to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o-
pen; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches
the Shepheards Sonne, who ha's not onely his Innocence
(which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief
and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Fol-
lowers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters
death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the
Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen
then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,
that twist Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee
had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, ano-
ther elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the
Princesse from the Earth, and so looks her in embracing,
as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no
more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-
dience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that
which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though
not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes
death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely con-
fess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuely
wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to
another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed
Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was
most Marble, there changed colour: some fwoonded, all
forrow'd: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe
had beene vniuersall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers
Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peerce many
yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare
Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eter-
nitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would be-
guile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape:
He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they
say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.
Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone,
and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in
hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euer
since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued House.
Shall wee thither, and with our companie peerce the Re-
toycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit
of Access? euerie winke of an Eye, some new Grace
will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifstie to our
Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Ant. Now (had I not the daith of my former life in
me) would Prefement drop on my head. I brought the
old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I
heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time
he then tooke h
and himselfe li
nuing, this My
one to me: for
it would not ha

Here come thos
and alreadie ap
tune.

Shep. Come
Sonnies and Dau

Clow. You a
with mee this o
borne. See you
and thinke me f
say these Robes
Lye: doe: and
borne.

Ant. I know

Clow. I, and

Shep. And so

Clow. So you

fore my Father:

hand, and call'd

call'd my Father

ther) and the Pri

and so wee wept

teares that euer

Shep. Weir

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me your good r

Shep. Preth

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Clow. Thou

Aut. I, and

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Shep. How i

Clow. If it b

swear it, in the

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low of thy hand

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Aut. I will

Clow. I, by a

wonder, how th

a tall Fellow, tr

ces (our Kindred

Come, follow vs

Enter Leont.

Paulina:

Leo. O graue

That I haue had